

Arnott on the merits of Marlborough, whose *Campaigns* he desired him to present to the 20th Regiment,<sup>1</sup> learning that they did not possess a copy in their library.

On the 15th of April, Napoleon's doors were closed to all but Montholon and Marchand, and it appeared that he had been making his Will. On the 19th he was better, was free from pain, sat up, and ate a little. He was in good spirits, and wished them to read to him. As General Montholon with the others expressed his satisfaction at this improvement he smiled gently, and said, "You deceive yourselves, my friends: I am, it is true, somewhat better, but I feel no less that my end draws near. When I am dead you will have the agreeable consolation of returning to Europe. One will meet *his* relations, another his friends; and as for me, I shall join my brave companions-in-arms, in the Elysian Fields. Yes," he went on, raising his voice, "Kleber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, all will come to greet me; they will talk to me of what we have done together. I will recount to them the latest events of my life. On seeing me they will become once more intoxicated with enthusiasm and glory. We will discourse of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Caesar, and Frederick — there will be a satisfaction in that; unless," he added, laughing bitterly, "they should be alarmed below to see so many warriors assembled together!"

He addressed Dr. Arnott, who came in while he was speaking, on the treatment he had received from England; said that she had violated every sacred right in making him prisoner, that he should have been much better treated in Russia, Austria, or even Prussia; that he was sent to the horrible rock of St. Helena on purpose to die; that he had been purposely placed on the most uninhabitable spot of that inhospitable island, and kept six years a close prisoner, and that Sir Hudson Lowe was his executioner. He concluded with these words: "You will end like the proud republic of Venice; and I dying upon this dreary rock, away from those I hold dear, and deprived of everything, bequeath the opprobrium. Now the Lancashire

Fusileers.